

1

Would ye see the world in little,
Ye curious here repair,
Well suit you to a tittle,
At this our rustic fair;
We've glittering baits to catch you,
As tempting as at court.
With whom for whom, we'll match ye
And give you sport, for sport,
From a sceptre to a rattle,
We've every thing in toys
From infants that scarcely prattle
To men who still are boys.

THE FAIR

Cock horses and state Coaches
In gingerbread are sold;
Cakes Parliament gilt watches
And horns all tipt with gold
Then if for fine Parade you go,
Come here & see our Puppet shew,
Walk in here Ladies & Gentlemen here,
you see the Queen of Sheba & K. Solomon
in all his glory you think that figures alive
but he is no more alive than I am,
While the pipes & the tabors rend y' air
Hast neighbours to the fair.



2

What's your sweepstakes, & your races,
And all your fighting cocks,
To our horse collar grimaces
And girls that run for smocks,
Our Hobs can swivel noses,
At singlestick who fight,
As well as your Mendozas,
Though not quite so polite
In their deceptions neater
Are your keen rooks allow'd
Than is yonder fier-eater
Who queers the gaping croud?
Then boast not tricks so noxious
That gentle life bespeaks,
Our Juglers luscious doxious
Shall distance all the greeks.
Can Pharoah and his host be found
To match our nimble merry go round?
Put in here, put in, put in every blank aprize, down
with it & double it twenty can play as well as one
While the pipes &c.



3

Here you mountebank assure ye
Of diseases, by the score,
A single dose shall cure ye
Can Warrick lane do more?
Wid verligigs titotoms
You jews unproshing faith
Shall cheat you here in no times
All one as indukes place
Hark yonder making merry,
Full many a happy clown!
For champaign who drunk perry,
As good as that in town.
Then for sights, we're apes, & monkees,
Some on four legs, some on two,
Tall women, dwarfs, cropt donkies,
For all the world like you;
Then would ye Ranelagh find out
What think ye of our Roundabout!
Walk in Ladies and Gentlemen, the only booth in
the fair here, ye may make the Whole tower of the
World, would you ride in the Caravan, the expedition
the land frigate or the Dilly, fourteen miles, in
fifteen hours Ladies and Gentlemen.
While the pipes, &c.

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